

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

An Ounce of Prevention.

By EARL REED SILVERS.
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WITH Mr. Ted Baldwin it was a case of "I can dance with everybody but my wife." He and Betty had been married for a year and a half and in that time they had never once disagreed on a single subject—except dancing. In his bachelor days Ted had rather prided himself on his ability in the terpsichorean art, and the compliments which several maidens had showered upon him only strengthened his belief that he could easily and happily dance his way through life.

And then he had met Betty Williams. Betty cared more for playing tennis than she did for dancing, and after Ted had danced with her once or twice he too, showed a decided preference for the freedom of the courts. Even Betty's most ardent admirers admitted that the young lady in question would never be another Mrs. Vernon Castle. But Ted had married her just the same.

"What difference does it make?" he had said to himself. "There are other things in life besides dancing."

And then, strange as it may seem, Betty Baldwin, nee Williams, conceived a sudden desire to learn all the latest steps. Through the long winter season she dragged Ted regularly to the weekly hops at the Country Club, using her wifely prerogative to make him dance every single number with her. Her natural bent, however, was still toward tennis. After a month or so of endless fox trotting and waiting the week-ends became veritable nightmares to the otherwise happy husband. He ventured a protest.

"I don't think you'll ever be much of a dancer, Betty," he advised her pleasantly. "Let's not go to the club tonight."

Betty answered not a word. For a moment she gazed at her husband with wide-open eyes, then, suddenly the dropped her head in her dimpled arms and burst into tears. Thereafter Ted bore his cross in silence. The dancing subject was taboo.

When the date of the annual assembly ball rolled around, however, Ted grew well nigh desperate. A world-famous orchestra had been engaged to provide music, and twenty-five dances had been placed upon the cards. Moreover, Mildred Chatfield, whom Ted had not seen for three years and who was the most wonderful dancer he had ever known, had arrived in Glenwood and had stated her intention of attending the ball. She reminded Betty's husband not to forget to dance with her.

On the evening of the dance young Mr. Ted Baldwin gazed with half-opened eyes at his wife, sitting opposite. Suddenly a plan flashed into his mind.

"Betty," he said, "we've been married for almost two years now, haven't we?"

"Yes," she answered, "one year and eight months."

"And we've never had a disagreement?"

"Never."

"What's the reason?"

"Don't you know?" She looked at him inquiringly.

"I don't think I do."

"HOSETTES" MAY SHOCK CENSORS BUT THEY'RE TO BE WORN ON STREET AS WELL AS ON BATHING BEACH!



Half a stocking may be shocking—or not—according to the observer.

Some may think half a stocking considerably better than a whole one. For the censors, there's quite a lot of shock waiting according to early shop showings.

"Half hose" remains, however, the trade name for the masculine variety. The feminine form is called "hosettes." They are to be worn with street suits as well as beach costumes.

"Well, I'll tell you. It's because your wife, whom you don't half appreciate, has resolved to overlook all of your faults and to smile indulgently whenever you do anything wrong."

Ted's face lighted.

"Do you mean to say that whatever I do, you'll simply smile and let it pass?"

"That's what I have been doing for the past twenty-odd months."

Ted nodded.

"Yes," he answered seriously. "When I come to think of it you're right."

He walked around the table and kissed one of her rosy cheeks.

"But I'll bet you a box of candy against a good cigar that I can do something that will make you angry."

"What kind of thing?"

"It won't be wrong," he explained, "and it won't be mean; but I'll bet you'll be angry just the same."

"I don't think I shall." She held out her hand. "Shake," she said.

They shook.

After his wife had adjourned to the upper regions, Ted took a piece of note paper carefully from the desk in the library, wrote a single sentence upon it and tucked the sheet carefully in his wallet. Then he smiled a smile of infinite content.

For the first time that winter he looked forward with pleasure to a dance at the Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Baldwin arrived at the ball in due time, paid their respects to the dignified reception committee, and stumbled around the room to the accompaniment of the most glorious music they had ever heard.

At the conclusion of the first one-step, however, Ted politely excused himself and made his way to the side of Miss

Mildred Chatfield.

"Hello, Millie!" he greeted pleasantly. "How many dances are you going to give me?"

She looked at him with a twinkle in her eye.

"You're a married man now," she answered, "and I don't think I ought to dance with you too much. How many do you want?"

"Ten."

Her eyes opened in surprise.

"What will Betty say?" she questioned.

He smiled confidently.

"Not a word," he answered. "Betty is a model wife; she never gets angry."

Mildred accepted the challenge in his voice.

"All right," she decided. "You may have ten dances with me."

During the first part of the evening Mrs. Ted Baldwin gazed rather wonderingly at her husband's flushed face. He danced with her often, as a dutiful husband should, but at the conclusion of each number he hastened away. Betty's ability to trip "on the light fantastic toe" was well known to the male members of the club, and as the evening progressed Mrs. Ted found herself rather frequently marooned with the dowagers and wall flowers.

She realized suddenly that Ted was not dancing with her as often as usual. During one especially appealing fox trot, she searched the crowded floor for her husband and discovered him dancing with Mildred Chatfield. Thereafter, when the opportunity offered, she followed with her eyes the wanderings of Ted. To her surprise she discovered that he was dancing every other dance with Mildred.

She smiled indulgently, trying to convince herself that it didn't matter much; that Ted was just thoughtless. But when the next to the last dance arrived, and she watched her husband accomplishing some unusually fancy steps with Miss Chatfield, her face took on a look ofullen resentment.

For the remainder of the evening she maintained a dignified silence.

They rode home together in the small town car. Ted talking of nothing in particular, mentioning what a good time he had had, and how they must continue to attend the dances. Upon reaching home, however, Betty threw off her wraps and suddenly turned to her husband with flashing eyes.

"I think you're horrid," she announced.

Her husband smiled.

"Why, Betty," he exclaimed, "what's the trouble?"

"You know just as well as I do what the trouble is. I don't intend to be ignored at dances."

"But I didn't ignore you; I danced with you lots of times."

"But not as much as you did with Miss Chatfield," Betty retorted spiritedly.

"You're not angry, are you?"

"I certainly am."

Suddenly Mr. Ted Baldwin smiled triumphantly.

"You owe me a cigar," he announced.

Mrs. Ted looked at him with wide

Quite as revealing is the "stocking with the open front. This is designed to wear with pumps. The edges of the oval are held together by a tracery of gauze ribbon bows and flowers, to be lined only with nature's flesh tints.

Even conservative hosiery is so sheer it conceals little this spring. To give some strength to its delicate webbing threads of heavier silk are introduced in large plaids.

opened eyes.

"You didn't do it just for that, did you?" she asked.

"I surely did."

For a moment Betty regarded him doubtfully. Then her chin went up in the air.

"I don't believe you," she said. "Very slowly the man drew his wallet from his pocket and, extracting a sheet of paper therefrom, handed it to his wife."

"Read this!" he commanded.

Mrs. Ted glanced hastily over the paper.

"I am going to dance with Mildred Chatfield lots of times tonight, just to get Betty angry," she read.

She looked up suddenly to find her husband smiling into her eyes.

"And is that the only reason you did it?" she asked.

He nodded. In another moment Betty's arms were around his neck.

"You're a darling," she said. "And I'll buy you that cigar tomorrow."

Over his wife's shoulder Mr. Ted Baldwin smiled discreetly.

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Wear, and proper Hats to match your Suit, Wrap, Frock or Gown.

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Saturday, Feb. 24, 1917,

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He'll
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:- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"You have to break you leg, Margie, to know how perfectly charming people are," said Mollie to me last evening.

"Have you just found that out, Mollie? I knew it long ago when I was ill so long. Most people are thoughtful, but not unkind. What brought this home to you, dear?"

"One of the pretty incidents that make life worth living," she answered.

"You know, I am so tired of being taken care of that this morning I determined to go and flock by myself. I knew if I went out on the boardwalk a dozen of my acquaintances, let alone you, Margie, would insist upon going with me."

"So I picked up my cane, walked to the side door of the hotel and asked the door man to call me a taxi. I waited quite a while and was getting rather impatient, for a number of people as well as myself were waiting for cars. I was very nervous about getting in and out of the taxi, as you know how it takes to drag yourself up by main strength."

"Finally, a car drove up and I stepped forward to take it when a woman pushed me aside and said, 'Just a moment, please,' and quietly stepped into her car. Another woman and a little boy followed her."

"It is unnecessary to say I was perfectly furious. I turned to the starter and said, 'Well, I like that.'"

"The doorman looked uncomfortable and muttered something which I did not catch. Just then the woman said a few words to her chauffeur who was about to start her car. He stopped and she bent forward to speak to me. 'I don't think you understand,' she said, 'this is a private car. I know just how you feel and if I can take you anywhere I will be very glad to do so.'"

"Then it was my turn to apologize, Margie, and I said I could not think of taking up her time. But she insisted, saying she knew I had mistaken the car for a taxi and that she would be only too glad to take me anywhere I wanted to go."

"I saw that I was delaying traffic and so I got into the car. The for the first time she saw that I was lame and she was sweeter than ever."

"I think if I had known you were lame," she said, "I would have said nothing but let you get into the car."

"I told her it was the first time I had been out alone and that I was nothing but let you get into the car."

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM'S FOLKS COME TO INSPECT THE BABY.)—BY ALLMAN.

